

The Holy Cross Magazine

CHURCH DIVINITY SCHOOL
of the Pacific
LIBRARY



Christ our Passover is sacrificed
for us: therefore let us keep the feast.

April, 1950

Vol. LXI

No. 4

Price, 25 cents

The Holy Cross Magazine

Published Monthly
by the

ORDER OF THE HOLY CROSS

Editorial and Executive Offices:
Holy Cross, West Park, N. Y.

Subscription, \$2.50 a year
Single Copies, 25 cents

Canada and Foreign, \$2.75 a year

Entered as second-class matter at the
Post Office at West Park N. Y., un-
der the act of Congress of August 24,
1912, with additional entry at Pough-
keepsie, N. Y.

Publication Office:
231-233 Main St., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Requests for change of address
must be received by the 15th of the
preceding month and accompanied
with the old address.

All correspondence should be ad-
dressed to Holy Cross Press, West
Park, N. Y.

CONTENTS

A Way of Approach	99
<i>Louisa B. Gile</i>	
"It Isn't What a Man Believes"	102
<i>Chad Walsh</i>	
A Seminary for Filipinos	105
<i>John Frederick Harriman</i>	
"Lord, Hear My Prayer	109
<i>Shirley Carter Hughson, O.H.C.</i>	
My Incomparable Curate	115
<i>Franklin Joiner</i>	
An Easter Meditation	119
<i>Frank Vernon</i>	
"Whan That Aprille . . ."	120
Book Reviews	122
Episcopal Asides	122
Santa Barbara	123
Intercessions	123
Notes	124

THE WORDS OF LIFE

By THE REV. P. M. DAWLEY, PH.D.

SPIRITUAL food for Holy Week, these seven meditations on the Words of Christ on the Cross are vital additions to Good Friday sermons. The unfaltering faith of this noted spiritual leader shines through his eloquent words. Appropriate prayers are included. \$1.75

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

114 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, N. Y.

The Holy Cross Magazine

Apr.



1950

A Way of Approach

BY LOUISA B. GILE

YOU have taken some first steps on the Way. You have set aside a time in which to be quiet, to be consciously in God's Presence, in order to meditate on one aspect of His goodness, truth or love. You have read in the Bible, Prayer Book or some other work which appeals to you about Him, and you have waited for Him to speak to you, either through the words you read, the thoughts that come to mind, or silently in the depths of your soul. Lastly, with an "Act" of your will you have dedicated the rest of your day, and the days to come to Him; asking quite simply that He "take over" your life and to guide you going forward on the way you have begun.

Perhaps this did not seem like much to you when you first started. Such steps seem almost too simple, and you may have thought they required little or no effort. But then, as you persevered things began to happen. You realized very faintly, perhaps, a divine whisper within. God was answering, working gently but persistently within you, leading you to ask a little more confidently, and before you were aware of the light,

for more light. But with that first faint stir of response came surprisingly and dismayingly, perhaps, new difficulties, discomfort, deepening into pain. You became increasingly aware of the stubbornness of your wandering and undisciplined mind; of the coldness of your affections which soon wearied or became a sort of distaste or sense of dullness and unreality. But all this is a common experience of the spiritual life, and is referred to in all ages by all kinds of people who have sought to draw near to and love God as spiritual dryness. It is actually an encouraging sign. It is as much a part of God's love, this discipline, as the sweetness of conscious communion. He is giving you, as you can bear it, training, toughening your spiritual muscles which were flabby, just like physical ones which have not been used. You are ready now to take a somewhat longer step forward; and this will test and strengthen your resolution and courage. In this, as in every growth, there is no standing still. Only follow with all your will this sign of His care for you. He wills to build you into the strong and perfect person that He sees—the real you. So you have

come now to the second step—the acknowledgement of the faults and weaknesses which are showing themselves more clearly for what they are—sin. There are many explanations of sin, but we are here concerned only with the practical business of getting rid of it. There is no way in which you can get around the unpleasant, humiliating fact that “we have all sinned and come short. . . .” The Cross is there planted squarely in the way, and instead of skirting around or trying to ignore it, we can use it for the most wonderful liberation of energy and health, for the releasing of grace and power which we may find nowhere else. Your personal cross will come to you, as best suited to your ability to bear it. It consists largely in a daily, complete surrender of your whole natural life to the holy and supernatural action of the divine will. The Cross is love in action, so we come

to it and take this humbling but rewarding and releasing step—repentance.

In this step we review briefly but specifically our sins which we can remember. It is necessary to be completely honest, matter of fact and sorry in the Presence of the kindest, wisest and most completely understanding Friend we can possibly imagine. The sense of sin varies greatly with the individual and God's dealing with it is exactly suited to each soul, that we cannot suggest an outline of procedure here. If you are sitting quietly and alone, say aloud or to yourself these words: “Father, I have sinned (name sins). Forgive me and give me grace not to sin any more.” To help you think this out more clearly (for self-knowledge is difficult) you may wish to turn to the Gospels and read how our Lord forgave the sins of each one who came to Him for help. He dealt with each one in the way best suited to that soul; forgiveness first—then healing. The point is that He is doing that now for you. He is here with the same power today, setting your soul free by replacing sin with its opposite: virtue. This operation is a major one, the recovery and healing certain and continuous. If you ever turn aside, you must come back to Him again, for it is forever flowing, keeping you safe (the old fashioned word is “saved”).

By contrition we are made clean,
by compassion we are made ready, and by turning
longing toward God we are made worthy.

—Mother Julian of Norwich



CHRIST APPEARING TO HIS MOTHER

By Roger van der Weyden

(Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art)

God has given us special means of grace called Sacraments, including the Sacrament of Penance. You may wish to learn about this wonderful provision for our spiritual healing and to study the Prayer Book. Go to some priest of the Church who has been given power in Christ's Name, to pronounce absolution. God will guide you through all this, as you have the sincere desire, and as you go on with quietness and not distraction in the new life which is opening to you.

Next you will find in your new awareness that He has a plan for you, work suited for you alone, to which you will be attracted.

you grow in concern about this life. This lead you to feel that you are a part of a family, that lives which you touch and which react on you are needing you, and which need them. Your devotion must get thoroughly mixed in with every day, homely happenings and you must never feel that you are trying to grow holiness for your own comfort or convenience. It is God and His will which are important—in you and in others. Here again, those problems and persons which are nearest at hand, ready for immediate use by you and through you, those which you are almost invariably inclined to use. Start in your present circumstances, as they are, no matter how unsatisfactory they may seem. Right changes will come about as you continue in the light which you now have. Begin at the given moment; someone has called this the "sacrament of the present moment." If you are touched by some person's need or some problem and you could "do something," you can—at once. You can begin to pray—intercede; if you will, cooperate with God about any person or problem and you will have reached the next step.

Intercession. This is simply speaking to God about people and objects and asking for His help. Remember that His power for doing all things well is never overruled ultimately. The free-will which we possess is not overruled by His grace, though we may obstruct it for the time being. Our part is to turn to Him, open the channels for the free play of His grace; it is like "tuning in" on the radio when we wait for the action of the Holy Spirit. It is not begging for things in a childish way; it is to receive and meditate the current of His love. Our love for God as it grows is so easily bound up with love for our neighbor that the two great commandments are parts of the same whole. Then we go further, praying for people we would not ordinarily pay attention to; that is one of the marks of the discipleship of Christ. Discipleship is discipline and this growth in caring for others will keep our religion from being peculiar, narrow and prejudiced. You will find doors opening that would otherwise be



HEAD OF CHRIST

By Jan van Eyck

closed to you. A critical attitude towards the failings of others, an almost universal failing, will vanish in a new humility and compassion; outward appearances, judging by superficial standards of class or race will become completely unimportant; in short you will come to have the mind of Christ, and move about as a citizen, not of one country, but of the Kingdom of God. The best way to insure well regulated intercessions is to write down the names and objects so that vagueness and lapse of memory does not hinder you in the constant attention to these needs as you come into the presence of God. The windows of your mind will be thrown open to the winds of the Spirit and the stuffy atmosphere of self-centeredness and dullness will be blown away. All the richness of eternal life will be yours here and now, in a genial, active and creative peace and harmony.

Rule of Life. If you happen to be the sort that likes to set things down, you may find it helpful to write a few simple rules you think you can *regularly* observe: less, rather than more than you think you can undertake. This rule of life can always be added to or altered to suit your changing spiritual or physical circumstances. You might start, for example, with a simple outline: Morning and Evening Prayer; meditation; attendance at some public service, other than Sunday worship; study or

(Continued on page 121)

"It Isn't What a Man Believes—"

BY CHAD WALSH

THERE is a certain stock character that you have often met in novels and short stories. He has a rough exterior; he expresses himself with a cynicism that shocks his maiden aunts; he is sometimes encountered in the more questionable parts of town; he never darkens the door-step of a church. At the same time he has a heart of gold: if a small boy falls down and cuts his upper lip, or some poor forsaken woman is being given the cold-shoulder treatment by all the churchwomen of the community, or a mortgage is about to be foreclosed, our hero—still uttering cynical aphorisms about man, the walking ape—will be found galloping to the rescue.

I have said that this particular kind of hero is a stock character in fiction; he is more common there than in real life, though I have personally been acquainted with several lovable specimens. I suppose it is the occasional existence of the type which has given rise to the classic saying, "It isn't what a man believes that counts, but what he does."

Now it would take Socrates at least one full-length dialogue to dive to the bottom of all the implications contained in that one sentence. I can only skim the surface, and to do so I shall start by asking a very simple question: Why does anyone do anything?

The psychologists are ready at hand with varied answers, all of which are probably true as far as they go. For example, we do certain things because we are animals. If we do not eat and drink and breathe, we die; therefore, we will stop at nothing—or almost nothing—to meet these three needs. A man can live without sex, but the desire for it is as basic a desire as the hunger for food and drink. There again, we often stop at nothing—or almost nothing—to get what we want.

But even from the psychologist's viewpoint, we are more than simple animals. We are social beasts. We live in a gregarious, complicated society, and our actions are at

least partially determined by what is going along around us. A child brought up in a bankrobber's family will use a revolver to shoot down the cops; the child brought up in a different family will dedicate it to target practice at the country club.

I have been giving only the crudest examples of *why* we do, or strongly tend to do certain things. But it is obvious that many human actions are determined neither by biology or environment. The racketeer's son who decides to become a poet seems to be responding to a third thing—the unknown quantity in the human equation.

What is this *x*, this unknown quantity? I submit that it is *what a man believes*. Even if we, from the lowliest ditchdigger or politician to the highest what-ever-you-wish philosopher. In the back of the brain is a mental chart, listing the possible aims of life in a kind of hierarchy; entangled with this system of values is at least a primitive metaphysics, having to do with the nature of life and reality. You can search as long as you wish among the Tobacco Road farmers of Georgia or the teeming Cockneys of London, but you will not find a man or woman who does not have some shady and confused philosophy.

Here we come to the crux. The popular saying, "It isn't what a man believes that counts, but what he does," has a concealed presupposition: "What a man does has no connection with what he believes."

Does a candid observation of human actions confirm the presupposition? In other words, is all thought and philosophy a kind of self-deception or window-dressing which has no practical connection with human actions?

It is a principle of the social sciences that the margin of error can be reduced by observing a large body of people. That being the case, the example of Nazi Germany might be instructive. During the years of Adolf Hitler the German people were specially and thoroughly indoctrinated with a philosophy radically opposed to the beliefs

ch European civilization had rested for
en hundred years. The new *Welt-
schauung*¹ held that the individual, taken
e, is merely a animal, but that certain
eds of this animal were of more worth
n others—rather as the St. Bernard is
re highly esteemed than the hound dog.
e individuals of one breed, considered col-
lively, constituted a metaphysical entity
ed a race, and the purpose of history was
one particular race, the "Aryan," to
idate or enslave all others.

he world's madness will hurry on its
destruction, but the seed of God shall
e safely.

—Father Benson, S.S.J.E.

Whatever one may think of the Nazi
osophy, it *was* a self-consistent one: the
ividual is nothing, the race is everything,
some races are intrinsically more valu-
e than others. The Nazi acted in ac-
dance with what they believed. They en-
ed the "inferior" races, or else shoved
r members into gas chambers; quite
ally they used the resulting ashes as
ilizer, and on occasion they expressed
r esthetic instincts by making lamp-
des of human skins (Who objects to a
cket-book made from the hide of another
mal, the cow?)

he Russians also have a philosophy. They
eve in a glorious culmination of history,
e brought about by the domination of the
etariat and the liquidation of other
ses. They have practiced what they
ach, as the forced labor camps of Siberia
r witness.

On the other hand, the British—the hypo-
ical British as the Nazis and the Ameri-
isolationists loved to call them—also
a philosophy. In theory at least, they
e always believed in the moral values
Christianity, if not in its theology. Jus-
for example, is a word that brings un-
twinges to the British conscience. One
ult is the freedom of India. The British
ed Gandhi repeatedly, but they never
him, for underneath they could recog-
the justice of the demands that he

is word is difficult to translate. The closest English equiva-
"World Outlook." (Ed.)

voiced. An occasional trigger-happy British
army officer might order his soldiers to fire
on a mob, but the British proved incapable
of anything so systematic and orderly as
gas chambers or large-scale labor camps.
One wonders how Gandhi would have fared
if the Nazis or Communists had been the
rulers of India.

The truth is that what a man believes is
one of the most powerful forces in deter-
mining what he does. Since the biological
and environmental urges are often in conflict
(for example, a girl brought up by prim
parents but subjected to the normal yearn-
ings of sexual desire) it is philosophy or re-
ligion that is likely to cast the deciding vote.

The trite saying—"it isn't what a man be-
lieves that counts, but what he does"—could
only have arisen in an age when people were
trying desperately to come to terms with the
theory of evolution: trying so hard that
they assumed if the grasshopper and ape
live by no discernible philosophy, the same
must hold true of man. But man, by nature
and definition, is a creature that is both a
part of natural world and above it; he
is an animal with a certain something inside
him which gives him a partial freedom from
pure instinct or habit.



DOUBTING THOMAS

Rhenish Ivory, XII Century

(Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art)

G. K. Chesterton once said that if he tried to rent a room, the first thing he would want to know would be his landlady's theology. In the long run, nothing is so powerful as the ultimate loyalties and values in the mind of the individual man and woman. If I believe that the universe is a haphazard conglomeration of atoms (and I am a small, haphazard segment of the same), I will logically adopt the philosophy of eat, drink, and be merry; or alternatively I will get my satisfaction from the sense of power I derive in pushing other people around. It may be that in certain situations I will be kind and helpful, but this will be because of habits inherited from a civilization that was once based on another philosophy—or because "natural law" of human relations survives as a buried instinct, and is never completely suppressed by a false philosophy.

On the other hand, if I believe that the final meaning is God; that in Christ the meaning of God has made plain to the dull-est eyes; that I will live forever—either in the presence of God or in isolation from him—I will be driven to act accordingly, as best I can.

The one justification for the comm saying is this: too frequently people fail to make a distinction between what a man *actually* believes, and what he does through the motions of believing. The hypocrite who attends church every Sunday and swindles widows and orphans the other six days of the week is not an invention of the Young Atheists' League: I have met examples of him, and so have you. But there is no mystery here. A man can also go through the motions of believing in scholarship—perhaps even convince himself that he is a dedicated scholar—whereas the ideals he really holds have more to do with promotion and power than scholarship. Self-deception and deception of the public are easy in religion, as in everything else.

The question is really: not what a man goes through the motions of believing, but what he really believes—what he believes so devoutly that he would face ridicule, the torture chamber, or lions in an arena before he would renounce. When put in these terms, there is no ambiguity. What a man believes becomes what he does—and what he is.

(This article is to be reprinted as a Roodcroft Paper)



HOLY CROSS MONASTERY—THE WAY TO THE CHAPEL

A Seminary for Filipinos

BY JOHN FREDERICK HARRIMAN

SAINT Andrew's Theological Seminary is now in its third year in Manila, having been established here in September 1947; but it has a tradition of many years, it was first begun as a training school for catechists and candidates for Orders in a mission station at Sagada in the Mountain Province. In those early years, the work of the school was limited because of a small faculty and because both faculty members and students were taken away from studies for considerable periods of time by the demands of station work. Nevertheless, two men completed their training for the priesthood and were ordained in 1941, and now each of them is in charge of a mission station. The others who were in training at that time suffered the long interruption of the wars in patience, and when they were able, they returned to their theological studies. Since the seminary has been in Manila, nine of these men have been graduated and ordained, and one remains in his last year of study.

At present, there are twenty-three students in the seminary, seventeen of them from the Episcopal Mission, and six from the Philippine Independent Church. The majority of them are Igorots from the Mountain Province, where Anglican work is concentrated, but still the extremes of Philippine geography are represented, from the northernmost part of Luzon to the southernmost island in the archipelago, Mindanao. Although only a few of the almost innumerable Philippine dialects are spoken by the students, there are enough of them (Igorot, Ilocano, Tagalog, Visayan, and Tiruray) so that English is the only common language. Many of the men are married and have large families; several of them were mission teachers and catechists before they came to seminary; most of the beginners in the first and second year classes are recent high school graduates. They are as varied in background, talents, and personality as any group of students anywhere. There is no "type" of the-

ological student in America, nor is there one here.

The most notable distinction between these Filipino students and their American fellows is the difference in educational background and academic achievement. Filipinos do not have the opportunity for higher education that Americans enjoy, and the level of study in the seminary is necessarily modified by that fact. The course lasts for five years rather than the usual three, because the high school education that is the entrance requirement obviously cannot give adequate preparation for theological study. Most of the time in the first two years is spent in the study of English, philosophy, history, and other courses that provide some of the necessary background for the later work. The theological curriculum itself is that of any seminary: doctrine, Scripture, Church history, liturgics, and pastoral theology. Although the course of study requires more time here than in American seminaries, and although the quality of the students' work cannot be so refined, still the basic disciplines are treated quite as carefully. Two examples of authors who are studied—Hall in doctrine and Dix in liturgics—indicate that the soundest tradition of theological training is not slighted.

It is only when we are natural with God that we become intimate with Him.

—Anon.

Any seminary makes the chapel the center of its life, and Saint Andrew's goes much further than most in putting its principles into practice. The day begins at six o'clock with the recitation of the office of Morning Prayer; Holy Communion follows at six-thirty. Evensong is sung every day at five, and Compline is recited at nine-thirty. On all Sundays and feasts, Mass is sung. More remarkable than the schedule is the fact that it is scrupulously observed. Each student is allowed one "sleep-in" morning a

week, but only rarely does anyone use the privilege. The singing would do credit to any choir. A reed organ is adequate for the accompaniment of hymns, but it does not do for plainsong masses and the psalms, which are sung *a cappella*. O yes, flattening is a problem! Still, the singing is consistently good, and certainly the devotion is fervent. In addition to the liturgical observance of the community, intercessions are said each noon, and every student is expected to make his meditation daily. The curriculum carefully provides an acetics course of two years so that all students will receive training in the life of prayer. The seminary is zealous to train prayerful men, lest all of its other training be in vain.

The seminarists of Saint Andrew's have many extra-curricular responsibilities. Except for the actual buying and preparation of food, the men do all of their own domestic work. They run their own kitchen squad, clean their own quarters and seminary rooms, as well—hallways, library, common room, class rooms—and, except for jobs requiring technical skill, they do most of the repair work that is necessary. The excellence of the work of the sacristy crew is shown by the fact that the image of the celebrant at the altar is reflected in the highly polished wood of the sanctuary floor. Every Saturday morning the seminary undergoes a thorough house-cleaning. It is neither the time nor the place for an idler, for even the most adept of that species would have to move quickly and frequently to keep clear of the ubiquitous cleaners. Beyond the maintenance and repair work, many useful

talents are displayed. The carpentry crew always finds something that claims its title—a bench for the chapel or a class room, an extra bookcase, a repair job here or there. One student has learned to sew well enough to produce a complete set of frontals for the altar. But the talent that gives the greatest benefit to the greatest number is barbering. It seems that every other seminarian is nimble with a pair of scissors. It is not unusual for a barber to turn his tools over to a newly shorn customer and then to sit down to let the same customer go to work on himself.

If we lived in a time and place where everything went well and smoothly, the world might be saved, but we could never become saints.

—Bishop C. C. Grafton

Besides studies and work in the school, almost every seminarian is busy with some practical pastoral work on Saturday afternoon. Igorot students make calls on their province mates who are scattered throughout Manila, and two of them conduct a class at Holy Trinity Parish. The seminarists of the Philippine Independent Church do calling on the members of their Church who live in the neighborhood of the seminary. And they also help one of the priests of the staff to conduct a Saturday afternoon class for neighborhood children. It is pleasant to hear piping children's voices, in recitation of the catechism in Tagalog, float from the chapel and (if rain does not prevent the "gambol on the green" that everyone loves after dismissal) to see black cassocked seminarists playing drop-the-handkerchief with gleeful children out on the lawn.

The teachers in the seminary are all appointed missionaries of the Episcopal Church. The Reverend Wayland S. Mardell, the Warden, came to the Philippines in 1938 and was from the first on the staff of the training school in Sagada. He volunteered during the war, and afterward returned to open the seminary in Manila. The Reverend Harold C. Spackman is an Englishman who studied at Kelham College, Cambridge. For many years he was on



TEMPORARY BUILDINGS

hing staff of Saint Paul's University in
yo. He came to the Philippines before
beginning of the war, was interned, and
returned since to join the staff of Saint
Andrew's. Three new staff members arrived
1948. The Reverend H. Ellsworth Chand-
and the Reverend J. F. Harriman are
nni of the General Theological Seminary
New York (and both, incidentally, are
ates of Mount Calvary). The Reverend
bert H. Whitaker, an alumnus of the
scopal Theological School in Cambridge,
ne to the Philippines after service as a
plain in the U. S. Navy and a period of
ly at the University of Edinburgh. These
priests form the full-time faculty, but
addition to their work, three members
the mission who are stationed in Manila do
t-time teaching in their special fields.
The main seminary building was designed
an army hospital, and its pre-fabricated,

steel parts were purchased "in the pack-
age." It is a one story structure which
'houses the seminarians' rooms, the chapel,
the library, the kitchen, and some rooms for
the staff members. An annex to the main
building was erected recently, and it pro-
vides another class room, office space, and
quarters for two staff members. The semi-
nary is situated on a sizeable plot of land
that the Mission acquired after the war. It
is located in Quezon City, an extension of
Manila, which will be the capital of the
Philippines when the new government build-
ings are erected. This land will eventually
hold the new Cathedral, a new Saint Luke's
Hospital, and other Mission buildings. The
present buildings of Saint Andrew's are of
a temporary nature and will be replaced by
permanent ones when construction can be
undertaken. When the seminary first moved
to this site, the property was overgrown and



GRADUATION AT SAINT ANDREW'S SEMINARY, JUNE, 1948.

Faculty, Students and Guests.

Front Row (left to right)—Mrs. H. C. Spackman, Instructor in Music; The Rev. A. Ervine Swift; The
y. Wayland S. Mandell, Warden; The Most Rev. Isabelo de los Reyes, Supreme Bishop of the Philippine
pendent Church; Bishop Norman Binsted; The Rev. Raymond E. Abbitt; The Rev. H. C. Spackman;
ss Bernice Jansen, Instructor in Religious Education. Students behind.

uncultivated; but gradually, through constant effort, the ground around the buildings has been turned into an attractive lawn and garden, and each week sees a new advance in horticulture. The seminarians are responsible for a large share of the work that went into these improvements, and the beauty of their own school is a testimony to their energy and care.

The needs of any missionary work always seem far beyond its resources, and this is no less true of Saint Andrew's than of any other mission institution. The war did unbelievable damage to almost every piece of Mission property in the Philippines. The seminary lost all of its equipment in the bombing of Sagada; hence, everything it has now is new. The library has been collected since the end of the war, and it now provides a good selection of books; but it has many gaps, of course, and needs constant additions. Small items, writing paper, chalk, floor wax, *etc.*, become large indeed when they exceed their place in the budget, and such needs can be supplied only by a constant drawing on special discretionary funds. The students are relatively much poorer than their fellow American seminarians, and they must budget their re-



CHRIST APPEARING TO MARY MAGDALENE
By Martin Schongauer
(Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art)

Prayer

Saviour, who in human flesh didst conquer tears by crying, pain by suffering, death by dying, we, thy servants gather before the Cross to commemorate thy passion and to contemplate anew the wonder of Thy compassion and love. As we listen to Thy gracious words uttered with dying lips, illumine our souls that we may know the truth, melt our hearts that we may hate our sins, nerve our wills that we may do Thy bidding, to the glory of Thy name and our own eternal gain.

—Charles Henry Brent
Good Friday, 192

sources very carefully to support themselves and their families. Of course, to receive as much financial help as the Mission and the seminary can give them. In American seminaries, it is taken for granted that even the poorest student can build the rudiment of a small theological library for himself, but here, if a student can acquire a dozen books before he graduates, he has gained a considerable treasure. There are merely a few scattered examples of needs the seminary must supply.

But certainly even the greatest difficulties of the seminary do not deserve to be compared to its achievements. The very fact that it exists at all is proof that the Mission District of the Philippines is a lively province of the Church. It has seen the great need for Filipino priests from the very first, and it has been untiring in its effort to provide theological training for its sons. Now it has its own seminary, and it heartily looks forward to years of solid advance through the work of the Filipino clergy, which is so rapidly increasing in number. God has been gracious to Saint Andrew Seminary, and the faculty and students of their American friends to join with them in thanking Him for His many blessings, praying that He will continue to prosper this work for His greater glory and the advancement of His Church.

"Lord Hear My Prayer"

BY SHIRLEY CARTER HUGHSON, O.H.C.

Holy Saturday

THE COLLECT

unt, O Lord, that as we are baptized
the death of thy blessed Son, our Sa-
ur Jesus Christ, so by continual mortifi-
g our corrupt affections we may be
ied with him; and that through the
ve, and gate of death, we may pass to
joyful resurrection; for his merits, who
d, and was buried, and rose again for us,
same thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord.
en.

HAVING looked upon His death yester-
day, to-day we recall that we are
baptized into His death. We have
ly died with Christ a death unto sin.
s was not our own act. We were pas-
under the mighty grace of Baptism as
power of regeneration flowed into us
made us new men by uniting us with
Body. Am I making this a reality?
I dying daily to some sin? Baptism
be only for my greater condemnation
am not laying hold of its real benefits.
ne must not only be a dying with
ist once for all in Baptism, but the con-
tal mortification (i.e., putting to death)
my corrupt affections. When a body is
ed it means that there is absolutely no
her hope that there is life in it. When
are buried with Christ it should mean
Satan can have no further hope of
reviving the life of sin in us. Am I by
failing to mortify my corrupt affections
ling out the hope to Satan that he might
be able to revive his power in me? A
and continual death unto sin is the
of eternal life. If the solemnities of
esterday and to-day are the pledge of my
y death unto sin, those of to-morrow
be the pledge of my joyful resurrec-
e. There can be no real resurrection un-
there has been a real death; no rising
mortal life unless there is a real slay-
of sin wherever it shows itself.

Easter Day

THE COLLECT.

Almighty God, who through thine only-
begotton Son Jesus Christ hast overcome
death, and opened unto us the gate of ever-
lasting life; We humbly beseech thee that,
as by thy special grace preventing us thou
dost put into our minds good desires, so by
thy continual help we may bring the same
to good effect; through the same Jesus Christ
our Lord, who liveth and reigneth with thee
and the Holy Ghost ever, one God, world
without end. Amen.

We to-day appeal to God in virtue of
the greatest work He has ever done for
man, namely the overcoming of death. This
morning He broke the bonds of death and
rose to His joyful Resurrection. But He
did not will to be alone in this joy. He de-
sires to have His loved ones with Him:
Where I am, there also shall my servant be.
So by death He has overcome death, and
opened unto us the gate of everlasting life.
Let me resolve this day to do some definite
act of kindness to another to show God
that I am thankful for His goodness to me.

Faith indeed tells what the senses do not
tell, but not the contrary of what they see.
It is above them and not contrary to them.
—Pascal.

Christ by His death and Resurrection, has
finished His part of the work of redemp-
tion. The rest depends on how earnestly
we lay hold of His salvation. Am I cooperat-
ing with Him, *striving to enter in at the
strait gate*, earnest, deeply serious, day by
day about my religion? Or am I drifting aim-
lessly along, hoping that somehow in the
end it will come out right? I cannot keep
this great feast better than by firmly re-
solving to make each day of my life an
Easter, a time of death unto sin, and rising
again to righteousness. By the daily con-

quest of some temptation, by daily acts of love, I can go on from strength to strength, and this will mean for me the resurrection of the just, a corresponding progress from glory to glory in the Kingdom of God.

Easter Monday

THE COLLECT

O God, whose blessed Son did manifest himself to his disciples in the breaking of bread; Open, we pray thee, the eyes of our faith, that we may behold thee in all thy works; through the same Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

In His eager love, the first thought of our Risen Lord was to show Himself to His disciples and to comfort their hearts so full of grief that He had gone from them. We ask Him to open the eyes of our faith that we may behold Him in all His works. Do we seek to realize that nothing can enter our lives, no events, no happenings, in which we cannot find His loving hand, if we have eyes to see? He is about my path and about my ways, watching over me with a love which many waters cannot quench. Pray to Him: *Lord, let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice; for sweet is thy voice and thy countenance is comely.*

Easter Tuesday

THE COLLECT

Grant, we beseech thee, Almighty God, that we who celebrate with reverence the Paschal feast, may be found worthy to attain to everlasting joys; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

In this short collect there is one brief, simple appeal, *that we may be found worthy to attain to everlasting joys*. This is the objective of everything in the work that God has done and is doing daily for us and of everything the Holy Spirit enables us to do through His grace—to share in the everlasting joy in which Christ rejoices in the bosom of His Father. The blessed sentence at the end will be *Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord*—not into joy of our own but with a perfect participation in His joy. He said to His disciples *These things have I spoken*

unto you that my joy, literally the which is mine, which belongs to me as God-Man might remain in you, might be permanent, a never-to-be-lost endowment of your souls.

The First Week After Easter

THE COLLECT

Almighty Father, who hast given thy only Son to die for our sins, and to rise again for our justification; Grant us so put away the leaven of malice and wickedness, that we may always serve thee in pureness of living and truth; through the merits of the same thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

The enthusiasm of the Easter gladness is now beginning to settle down into a permanent quality in our hearts. The first gladness has arisen from real kindling of a new fire within, then when the first flush is past it will leave a depth of burning love which many waters will not quench. Add an acknowledgment of love to Him: *O Jesus, I love Thee and I long to love Thee more and more*. We look back now to the Resurrection and realize that He rose again for our justification. I must lay hold on this justification. I must work out my own salvation with fear and trembling. But I have no power of myself to do aught of this. Recall the prayer of the previous Sunday. He puts into our mind good desires but only by *His continual help* can we bring them to good effect. The final and crowning effect will be *the resurrection of the just*. To what sin shall I seek to die this day? I may be brought to share His glorious Resurrection?

His service is to be a practical putting away the leaven of malice and wickedness, the definite breaking off of sinful habits. Sin is never inactive within me. At every moment it is either on the increase or on the decrease. If not constantly checked, like leaven it will spread and fill my whole life with corruption and poison.

The increase of love constitutes the decrease of sin. The practical putting away of the leaven of malice and wickedness will be the bringing in of *pureness of living and truth*. It is impossible to turn my back

without by the same action laying upon Him who says, *I am the way, the truth and the life*. Contrariwise, to admit a sin into my heart is to expel Christ and all that is pure and holy. It is in *pureness of living and truth* that we must serve God. Service depends upon knowledge and love. I yield myself to the leading of the Spirit I will learn to know Him, my knowledge of Him will be ever on the increase. Then if I learn to know His loveliness I cannot love but love Him, and if I love Him I desire in all things to do His will and develop the perfect service which He asks of me.

Note the opposition between *leaven and pureness*. My soul is made for God, and if I urge out the corrupt leaven His pureness will immediately and naturally flow in, and possess all my being. He claims my soul, *My souls are mine*,—and if I do what I will: He will assert His claim, and take me wholly for His own. *O Lord, take my soul*. *I cannot give it Thee, and when Thou wilt it keep it for I cannot keep it for Thee*. This Easter-tide is to mean anything to us that must mark a permanent increase in the pureness of living and truth, bringing nothing more than a passing and effervescent grace gained only to be frittered away in the coming conflicts of the succeeding weeks. We pray *that we may always love thee. The gifts of God are without resistance*, that is, God never has a change of mind about what He does for us. His

Let us become like Christ, since Christ came like us. Let us become God's for His sake, since He for ours became Man. He became the worse that He might give us the better; He became poor that we through His poverty might be rich; He took upon Him the form of a servant that we might receive back our liberty; He came down that we might be exalted; He was tempted that we might conquer; He was dishonoured that we might glorify us; He died that He might live for us; He ascended that He might draw Himself up, who were lying low in the mire of sin.

—St. Gregory Nazianzen.

grace is to endure until in heaven it is transformed into glory. The employment of grace strengthens it more and more, builds up our spiritual power so that we can ever go on in an unbroken course in the glorious service of God.

The Second Week After Easter

THE COLLECT

Almighty God, who hast given thine only Son to be unto us both a sacrifice for sin, and also an ensample of godly life; Give us grace that we may always most thankfully receive that his inestimable benefit, and also daily endeavour ourselves to follow the blessed steps of his most holy life; through the same thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

We have here a statement of the twofold purpose of the life of Christ on earth. He was sent to be a perfect sacrifice for sin. He wrought the Atonement, the at-one-ment, which, if we lay hold of it by faith and love, will make us one with God. Every sin requires that satisfaction be made for it, and our Lord, the Lamb of God, on the Cross made the one full, perfect and sufficient, satisfaction for the sins of the whole world. Such a loving work passes our understanding. But we bow down in loving adoration of Him who wrought so marvellously for our salvation. Repeat again and again the words, *He loved me and gave Himself for me*. But it was not only to reconcile us to God that He came. Small gain would it have been to us to have our sins taken away if we were not taught how henceforth we were to avoid sin, and so He was sent to be to us *an ensample of godly life*. Without this soon would we have fallen again into the toils of Satan. Am I seeking to follow this example? *Lord, teach me to do the things that pleaseth thee*.

Consider what is meant by a *godly life*, it is a life like unto that of God. God the Eternal Son took our nature in order that in His Humanity He might show us what God was like. Our destiny is to be found in a daily conformity to the life of the God-Man. The Holy Ghost through conscience is our teacher and guide. If we seek

to respond to Him, we shall have the knowledge of His will, and also the grace and power to perform the same. As God is true and faithful He will bring this to pass within us. His promise cannot fail. But in spite of the blessed example He continually offers us we would have no power to follow save with His aid. Without Him we can do nothing, and He sends His Holy Spirit to guide us, to show us the way we should walk in, and to give us light and strength to make our way according to His example. *Without me ye can do nothing.* He warns us; and He also reassures us in the words of the apostle, *I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.*

The first petition is for a thankful heart. Without His Sacrifice we would have gone through life either in a blind and giddy whirl of earthly follies, or walking along a path of black despair. But with the divine promise to stimulate us, and His strength to equip us, we know that His will cannot fail. *Thanks be to God that giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.* With Him life is full of light and hope. Are we realizing more clearly with every day that this salvation is in very truth an *inestimable benefit*. If we are, then daily will we increase in thankful love. The thankful life carries with it all the Christian virtues. As a consciousness of dependence on God it is therefore the life of humility. Gratitude and love always go hand in hand. Gratitude means that I have faith in the one to whom I am grateful, and to be humbly thankful for past favours fills the heart with hope for the continued goodness of God. We naturally trust those to whom we are grateful. Test the possessions of these virtues

by the quality of your gratitude to God for the mercy and loving-kindness that have followed you all the days of your life.

The Third Week After Easter

THE COLLECT

Almighty God, who showest to them that are in error the light of thy truth, to the intent that they may return into the way of righteousness; Grant unto all those who are admitted into the fellowship of Christian Religion, that they may avoid those things that are contrary to their profession, and follow all such things as are agreeable to the same; through our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

It is a necessary part of the Faith that man lacks sufficient light to enable him to do the will of God. Our Lord is *the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world.* For the Christian soul there are sources of light without number. But with every other gift, this light must be used or it will fail. Ponder the words of the apostle: *Now are ye light in the Lord, walk as children of light.* The light of God comes into my heart with every Sacrament received, with every prayer, with every reading of the Scriptures, with every loving aspiration and meditation, with every good deed done in the grace of Christ. Indeed there is nothing that can enter our life but what it can be made a source of light from God. *In thy light shall we see light. O send out thy light and thy truth that they may lead me, and bring me unto thy holy habitation, and to thy dwelling, that I may go unto the altar of God, even unto the God of my joy and gladness.*

Not only does God give us the light which we can find Him and joy in Him, but when we fail, and fall into error and sin, He shows us *the light of His Truth, to the intent that we may return into the way of righteousness.* He observes our every need and all His divine power is engaged to supply it. What an overwhelming thought it is that the totality of the omnipotence of God, Father, Son, Spirit, is in operation every moment to secure and hold fast in love and service.

The two petitions in the collect cover

Associates

The annual day of retreat for the two confraternities of the Love of God and the Christian Life, will be held this year at St. Martin's Church, 50 Orchard Avenue, Providence, R. I., on Saturday, May 20th. Full details may be obtained from the Director C.C.L., at Holy Cross Monastery, West Park, N. Y. Anyone is welcome.

Christian obligations. First, we must avoid everything contrary to our profession as Christians; not only sin, but every occasion that may lead to sin. Every companion I love, every book I read, every amusement which I indulge, which may lead me to sin, is contrary to my Christian profession, and must be avoided. But the avoidance of these things that are contrary to our profession is only the preparation for the service of God. A man does not serve his country merely refraining from traitorous acts. Nor is God served and honoured by our abstaining from sin. Indeed, if we were able to eliminate everything in the nature of sin, we would only have arrived at zero. The sinuses would be cancelled, but not yet could anything positive be done for His

glory. *Show me, O Lord, the way that I should walk in for I lift up my soul unto thee.*

To ask for grace to avoid those things which are contrary to our Christian profession means nothing unless at the same time we seek those things which are agreeable to our profession. Indeed, it means worse than nothing for it is asking God to contend with us even though we fail to give Him any positive service, and do not obey His command *to do the thing that is right*. The mere absence of sin does not make us holy. Let our constant prayer be *Teach me to do the thing that pleaseth thee*. There is to be nothing casual in seeking those things which are agreeable to our profession. To serve God in a light and casual fashion



THE RESURRECTION
By Giotto

were a gross irreverence, a serious offence against the majesty and dignity of our God. In our Christian life we are to have an organized plan of service. What particular things can I do to show my love for God and for my fellows? To make and carry out such a plan for His service, even though I cannot be perfect and will fail from time to time, will be my passport to heaven and to the glory of the vision of God.

The Fourth Week After Easter

THE COLLECT

O Almighty God, who alone canst order the unruly wills and affections of sinful men; Grant unto thy people, that they may love the thing which thou commandest, and desire that which thou dost promise; that so, among the sundry and manifold changes of the world, our hearts may surely there be fixed, where true joys are to be found; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

God alone can bring order, peace, and tranquility out of the chaos of our unruly wills and affections. But first, through His grace, we must consecrate our wills to Him. He does not force our wills for He has made them free; but if I strive to bring my will into accord with His loving will in the little things of daily life, then will my affections be set on Him, and loving Him more and more, I shall be able, through that love to obey Him in ever deepening faithfulness. To attain this happy end requires the systematic, positive work of deliberately bringing into my daily life good and holy thoughts, words, and deeds. We are not only to *eschew evil* but to *seek good*, to seek it earnestly, not merely waiting for chance opportunities for loving words and actions to present themselves, but to go forth and create such occasions.

The first petition in this collect is that we *may love the thing which thou commandest*. God's commands are always for our good, and we naturally love those things which are for our benefit. If we realize that every divine command is the expression of His love for us, and that its sole purpose is our good, soon should we learn to love His law as that which alone can work our good

in time and eternity. Such is the pervasiveness of the human spirit that, if left without divine guidance, it will only lead us into greater disorder. To love what He commands can only be ours through God's loving gift. We therefore appeal to Him to grant us this blessed boon. O God, make us to love Thee more and more, make us to love what Thou dost love, teach me the values that I may set my heart upon thee.

We go on to ask that He will grant us *to desire that which thou dost promise*. This must be a strong consuming desire. If we turn our hearts from the desires of the world, God will fill them all in a way that we shall be able to say with the psalmist: *As the hart desireth the water-brook, so longeth my soul after thee, O God.* The psalmist here implies a desire so intense that it is given voice. So our desire will impel us to cry aloud to God, certain that He will make haste to come to our aid. Real desire brings real effort, and real effort after that which God has prepared for us can never fail of success. Such success can be nothing less than the attainment of those true joys which can be found only in the heavenly kingdom. Do I sincerely desire the things He promises? Am I striving to do in this life that which will assure possession of them in the life to come? matters not what tempests may blow, how the seas may rage and the floods may rise, the needle ever faithfully points to the guiding polar star. Likewise amid the sundry manifold changes of this life my heart may surely there be fixed where true joys are to be found. Only in the Blessed Christ is this certainty to be secured. Only in loving union of spirit with Him can be found the in-turbable calm which belongs to God, and which is shared by all who are one with Him.

I do not know whether the drollery of the world or its weariness is the worst. I suppose there would be nothing to laugh at if there were nothing incongruous, and there would be nothing incongruous if there were nothing wrong. Laughter is God's gift to the joyful man to make life supportable.

—R. M. Benson, S.S.

My Incomparable Curate

BY FRANKLIN JOINER

NO rector has been more blessed in his curates than I have during the thirty years of my rectorship of St. Clement's Church in Philadelphia. True, they have come and gone in more or less rapid succession, few of them staying on the staff for more than two years, but that was usually because they were snatched away by some parish looking for a young rector; and also because I regard such curacies in a parish like this where the rector continues definitely as *internships*, where after two years of practical experience a priest should be prepared and ready for his own work. It is with pride that I look over the face of the church and see in important Catholic out-posts throughout the States priests who began their ministry here, and from their letters and other expressions of their loyalties, I know they look back upon their beginnings in this historic parish with affection and appreciation.

But it is not of one of these that I am writing under the above caption, for this my incomparable curate has been with me from the beginning of my ministry and shall keep him by me until I retire. He is loyalty and devotion itself; he is willing and tractable; he asks for no vacation except on legal holiday now and then; he has no day off each week, nor does he take a long rest in the summer. He is always on the job. He demands no large salary, there is no pension premium to pay, and he is never ill. Distance is no problem for him; he does not have a car, yet he reaches the members of the congregation no matter how far flung from the parish they may be; and now that air travel has become more general, the facility with which he works and the amount of ground he can cover has been greatly increased. I could not get along without him; as the years go by I learn more ways in which to use him; and he remains as fresh and vigorous as before. There is no parish so small and no mission too poor to employ services exactly like his. He works by the

piece; he costs me three cents for each errand he does, a postage stamp for each visit he makes, for the name of my *incomparable curate* is the U. S. Mail!

This curate has turned me into an inveterate card player. I am not in any sense a card shark, but I think he has made me into a card fiend. The card game he has taught me is not one that I play with others but with him alone, and it is a most fascinating and absorbing game. The deck with which we play is not one of pictures and spots, although it does have its queens and jacks, its aces, with a deuce and a joker or two. The cards have no decorative pictures on their backs, but they have a variety of lovely colours, for the deck with which we play is an index! It is the parish list of our communicants, regular and irregular attendants, the children—confirmed and unconfirmed and the baptized infants. Each name has its card, these queens and jacks and aces, the deuce and the jokers; their division in the deck is not according to suit but according to class, and marked not by spots but by colour. The regular, faithful, *bona fide* communicants of the parish, they are the white cards. The more or less regular communicants who never have been canonically transferred, they are the blue cards. The green cards are the junior communicants. The baptized babies, with the year of birth, are the orange cards; and their parents, many of whom have no connection with us beyond their baptized offspring, are the rose cards. We have them on rose cards because we are hopeful that some day they will become whites. Out-of-town members who have never been transferred away, and friends of the parish who like to keep in touch with what is going on, they are the yellow cards. It makes a very pretty deck, white and blue, green and orange, pink and yellow. The deck as you look down upon it reminds you of a gay scarf of rich roman stripes. We love to play with these cards, my *incomparable curate* and I,

and sometimes on a rainy day when we are kept indoors we will have a sudden impulse to change the colours, or invent a new division and add a fresh colour, enriching the galaxy that already composes the deck. This index is a great plaything, and the source and object of the greatest delight and pleasure. With a mere twitch of the finger the most obscure person in the parish is exposed to the sight, and another who makes no response to our indefatigable labours, and our advances are thrown back at us by the Post Office authorities, his card is reluctantly removed from the deck and with a sigh of regret consigned to the discard pile. This pack of coloured cards must be shuffled again and again, worn cards must be replaced, street addresses must be corrected, and those whose standing and classification is raised or lowered by new rules we may design must be remarked and recoloured. Many an hour I spend with this fascinating game, and many an evening after a few hours with my cards, I retire with a feeling of satisfaction that at long last I am winning with my game.

While *my incomparable curate* has never tempted me to play for big stakes, or for any stakes at all for that matter except the most worthy one of souls, he has taught me to like big cards. So in addition to the little deck I have been describing with its variety of colours, there is a big deck of big cards, and this is the big index. These cards are all of one colour; there is no play of colours or of divisions or of classes here; this is a more fascinating and a separate and distinct game. This is a game of days rather than of names, for in this larger deck there are about 365 cards, one for each day in the year. In this pile there are no aces nor queens nor jacks; nor are there even Mondays and Tuesdays and Wednesdays. The cards are January 1 and 2, and so on through

the year to December 30 and 31. A card a day keeps forgetfulness away, and holds touch with one of the most fascinating and profitable aspects of my work as a parish priest. This game is one that has no rules, that you can play as the spirit moves you, and whose plays you can vary each day. You sit down to an hour or two with it.

Christ did not prove His Resurrection to His disciples by argument, but by showing Himself alive.

—St. Thomas Aquinas

A card for each day of the year; as you move in and out through the parish amongst the parishioners, jot down on the cards, under the particular day, any bits of news or information you may glean. March 31 is Susie Snooks' birthday! Down it goes on the card for March 31. You are looking up some parish record and you find another birthday and you put it down in this deck of cards. Whatever interesting event you find associated with any member of the congregation or with any friend, you write it down on the proper date card. So eventually, for instance, the card for March will have several items on it. There will be Susie Snooks' birthday. There will be St. Jones' baptism and Lizzie Leepers' confirmation; old Mrs. Juniper's death, and a note that in 1948 the Hon. and Mrs. Clayton Meyers gave you a dinner when you returned from a southern holiday. Some time during the week you will deal out the cards and resemble those that pertain to the following week, and then the fun begins, composing and writing the dispatches. These are messages that *my incomparable curate* is going to deliver, and I count them the most important and the most productive parts of my pastoral ministry.

Susie Snooks is to be congratulated on her birthday. She is amazed to see that she knows the day. How did we find out? She is thrilled, and makes a great point of coming to Mass on her birthday because the curate has brought her word that she will be remembered by name at the Altar. She brings with her a crisp new dollar bill that her father has given her for a birthday present.

The May issue of THE HOLY CROSS MAGAZINE will be a memorial number to Father Hughson. Orders for additional copies should be sent in immediately. Price—25 cents, per copy. Cash with order.

puts it in the alms box, and leaves a taper in the candle rack at the Shrine when she lights a votive candle for Our Lady's prayers on this her natal day. Sam Jones never knew before the date of his baptism; in fact he had never given it a thought, but the curate reminded him that day he was baptized is in the sight of the Church more important than the day he was born; and after having given this new thought a bit of his consideration, realized it was true, and he too comes to Mass that morning so that through his Communion he may renew his baptismal vows. Lizzie Leeper was always sentimental about her confirmation, and she never forgot the towering bishop in his cope and mitre who confirmed her; nor the pressure of his thumb as he pointed her, nor the tremble that went all through her when he struck her gently on the cheek. Lizzie cannot remember the last time she went to a week-day Mass, but she will certainly accept the curate's suggestion and be present on her anniversary day. Old Mrs. Juniper's daughter who took such good care of her during her long life of invalidism is deeply touched by the curate's visit and his word that her old mother will be remembered at Mass on March 31, the anniversary of her death. How kind it is to be thus remembered; how thoughtful they are at the church. 'Certainly she will come to Mass that morning and receive Holy Communion; it will make her feel better to be nearer her mother for these few minutes; it will remind her of those regular occasions when the priest came to their home with the Blessed Sacrament, when she used to meet him at the door with a candle, and escorted the priest with the pyx to her mother's bed-side for Holy Communion.

Of course the Hon. and Mrs. Clayton-Jones do not come to Mass because it is the first year since they gave the dinner party to the Father Rector, nor did the curate suggest that they should, but they are flattered that the day and the dinner are remembered, and decide it is high time that they invite him again, so they write and thank him for the curate's call and the thoughtful message, and ask him to dine with them two weeks from next Friday.



Of course, poor dears, they quite forgot (or did they ever know?) that he is always in the Confessional Friday evenings, but they mean well, and say to each other: What a remarkable memory Doctor Joiner has! So that morning, March 31, there are five or six extra people at Mass. They do not know (nor care) who are the regulars and who are the occasionals; they are pleased to hear their names read off the Altar; they make good communions; they are devoutly thankful to God for his many blessings; they are spiritually and morally strengthened for the day; and they love their parish church more than ever before.

On the cards we check the names of those to whom the letters have been written, for it will not do to write to the same people about the same thing on the same date next year. Next year Susie Snooks will get a letter on the anniversary of her confirmation perhaps; Sam Jones on the anniversary of his graduation from Harvard; and Mrs. Juniper's daughter, well, she will now be

looking for the remembrance of her mother's anniversary every year, so she will be disappointed if she doesn't have a call from the curate bringing her that assurance. In this game the trump card must differ from year to year; you have to be very careful lest you over-play your trump cards; it is better to play a no-trump hand, and vary your letters from year to year; and it will not hurt now and then to skip a year. It is a game, this curate's game of cards and mine, it is a game that can be over-done. But if it is played with card sense you will be a winner every time.

God's grace could never be more gracefully extolled, than when the eternal Son of God came to put on man, and made man the means to derive His love to all men: whereby all men might come to Him, who was so far above all men, being compared to them, immortal to mortal, unchangeable to changeable, just to unjust, and blessed to wretched.

—*St. Augustine.*

Inside this game we have made up another, based somewhat on the principle of the old-fashioned game of Authors, only this is a game of Saints. Under the Saints' Days in the index, list the members of the congregation and your friends who bear the name of each particular saint. On St. Lucy's Day write to all the Lucies in the parish and tell them that the Mass on St. Lucy's Day will be offered for all women and girls who bear her name. And on St. Gertrude's Day do the same thing. Once *my incomparable curate* carried such a message to Hildegard on St. Hildegard's Day, and she was so surprised and pleased that there was such a saint in the Kalendar that she sent us an offering of a hundred dollars. This is an impossible task for such a day as one dedicated to St. Mary or to St. John; but here you will have to write to a few of the Marias this year and a few of the Johns the next year, and so on until you have covered them all. When I sign the letters a list is prepared for the next week's Altar remembrances, and thus my wonder-working and indefatigable curate makes glad many hearts

with his thoughtful ministry, gives the members of the congregation and our friends outside a new appreciation of the church at this parish, and increases the attendance at the daily Masses throughout the year.

Cicero's immortal advice to the would-be orator was: *Scribo, scribo, scribo!* The Professor of Pastoral Theology's advice to prospective pastor is: Visit, visit, visit! It is anything more unsatisfactory and unsatisfying than the ordinary parish visit, or the attempt to make a parish visit in this city and age? You cross town to make a parish call. After great difficulty you find the house you are after in some remote and inaccessible place. You ring the bell and you pour on the door and there is no response. You slip a calling card under the door and turn back, feeling that your time has been wasted and that the calling card you have left will mean nothing to the family when they find it. Or else you do find some one at home, but it is the one member of the family in whom you have the least pastoral interest or the one most unconcerned with the church, or the one that has an anti-clerical complex. If instead of spending all that time and energy on busses and trolleys, you send the new failing and obedient curate, how welcome his visit and how heartily he is received. You write a letter to that family, to that household, and in it you include some message for each member. The letter is read with eagerness; it is passed around for all to see; the neighbours are told about it; and when other parishioners call, they are told in glow that they have had a letter from the Father Rector! The whole family in that way benefits by the curate's call; they have seen him; and a real contact has been made between the parish and the priests at the home. Every pastor knows he ought to visit; and if he is a true pastor, he wants to visit. But the object of a pastoral visit is to see and meet his people in their homes, not to stick a piece of pasteboard under a closed and unanswered door. I am convinced by my long experience as a pastor that *my incomparable curate* of an Uncle Sam and his postman is far more effective in the long run for the whole family, than an actual call made by a priest to only one member.

of the household who happens to be at home when he rings the bell.

This manner of visiting through letters appeals particularly to the male side of the household, for it strikes a business man as being both a practical and up-to-date way for a pastor to deal with the members of his congregation. A business man is anything but impressed when he returns home in the evening and is told by his wife that the priest

called during the afternoon and stayed an hour. The business man thinks: Is that all the priest had to do, to gad about in the afternoon, and visit with the women? But the letter that *my incomparable curate* carries to that family can be so expressed that the business man will read it and smile with approval, and be impressed by the common sense and reality of "that fellow down at the church!"

An Easter Meditation

BY FRANK L. VERNON

IF ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God." (Colossians 3:1)

"If ye then be risen." The inference is plain. The Resurrection Life is a gift already possessed. We have it now. We are living Christ here and now.

The Life of Christ in the soul makes the Christian. It is given in Baptism. It is enriched and increased in Holy Communion. As we feed upon our Lord, He is joined within us. Being formed within us reproduces His Life within us, through us, for us. He shares His Bethlehem with us. He shares His Nazareth life with us. He shares His life of prayer with us. He shares His life of temptation with us. He shares His life of fasting and discipline with us. He shares His Passion with us. He shares His Death with us. He shares His Resurrection with us. He lives in us and we live in Him. The joy of Easter is not in the promise that we *shall* live, but in the assurance that we *are* living now. "We have passed from death unto life." And the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand. We are in it now. And heavenly things are present realities. We are living now in the Presence of God. We are living now in the Communion of saints. The present moment is eternity in point. So it is the present moment that matters. This is what makes the joy of Easter so solidly real.

And it makes all of life new. The Cross binds between us and the past. We are free now to walk in newness of life. The road

ahead runs out like a ribbon of gold. It is heaven all the way. And all the way there are treasures to be found and kept, treasures of graces and virtues, treasures of spiritual knowledge, treasures of divine consolations and delights, treasures of human friendship, all to be laid up in Heaven. Nothing will be lost. There is the adventure of discovery, and the satisfaction of possession, and the joy of sharing. With all this, there is the growing consciousness that we are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints and household of God. That household is really ours now. There is a place in it, that is our own. In that place we shall find those who have made us, in their time, happy in this world. Nothing, of all that, will be lost, for everything that God ever gave us here will be ours there, forever. Every joy will be gathered up into the fulness of joy which is in the Presence of God. No wonder earth and sky sing, Alleluia.



"Whan That Aprille...."

JUST inside the enclosure of the monastery at West Park, below the road where it makes the last turn coming down to the buildings, there is a wooded patch where spring is announced. Throughout the rest of the year it looks like any other area of trees which has been cleared of underbrush; but when the warm breezes blow from the south and the frost comes out of the ground there appear long green leaves and soon under the bare trees the space is tossing with hundreds of bright yellow and white daffodils, first heralds of the new season.

We have to listen to our companions from across the ocean talk about wonderful sunny Africa with no ice and snow. We hear the boasts of Santa Barbara brethren about sun-drenched California (even if they did go a little off when the snow hit them last winter.) With all of that the winter is worth the hardships of the north temperate zone when you experience the thrill of coming spring. You forget about automobile chains, galoshes, frozen hands and colds when you look out of the refectory windows at the bright patch of golden trumpets swaying in the wind and each one seeming to say "alleluia" from its small trumpet.

Then the birds begin to arrive. Of course

we keep the various snow birds and the jays all winter. Brother Aidan feeds the former by throwing scraps of toast out the window to them and on warm days the latter can be identified by their raucous hysterical screeches down in the white patch. Pretty soon when the grass begins to turn on a new green look and the novices start to sigh and think about the mowing of lawns, the first wave of robins and red birds appear. They are not our companions for the season, but the first and advanced "migration," as it were, on the way north. Then we arrive, pick over the worms, stay about a week and then are off to their regular summer station. The other birds come and go and finally our regular tenants come in flocks and begin to look around for their haunts where they can build nests.

Meanwhile on the wooded slope above the monastery from under the sodden leaves appear the dutchman's breeches, the glistening white, star-like blossoms of the blood root. Then the first shrubs of forsythia begin to brighten up the yard with cascades of gold. When it is still cold you can hear the early frogs chirping insistently in the marshy ground nearby.

Last year spring came officially in the most dramatic way. We were out working, raking up the leaves in front of the monastery. There was a nasty, sharp wind blowing from the north in the most irritating way, sending the leaves blowing from the piles where we had been raking them. All of a sudden the angel weather came on top of the tower wheeled around to the south; it was still for a few moments and then came a soft, warm breeze from the opposite direction.

Brother Aidan's potted plants are a sign of the times and seasons. Up from the sunny east window in the basement, the serving-room and his own cell they come. There is a cassia, a date palm (only a small one), a cyclamen and various odds and ends. First they are again introduced to the elements in protected spots on the grounds, then they are moved out into



THE LATE FR. MAYO AT WORK

ed, at first being brought back in at night. ally they are allowed to try their luck er dark. Then one day he will pluck us the sleeve. "Father, come and see what s strange plant is I have found poking ough the ground over here." We investi- e and discover that it is a piece of milk- ed we failed to root up last season!

Then the water to the outside faucets is ned on and the bird bath is again placed the center of the bed which is to be oc- ied by the red geraniums. We look up m the job of digging in the deliciously 't earth, our hands covered with what looks e chocolate batter. "Well, spring is really re! There is Father Harrison out of ors and *without* his cape!"

A Way of Approach

(Continued from page 101)

ritual readings; offerings (money or actical works). Regular carrying out of a e of life will be conducive to a steady d deeply rooted growth, on which the ctuations of every day living will have le effect. Mistrust excited emotions. udy to be quiet and receptive. Let your igion be one of joy, attractive to others.

Suggested Bible Readings:

1st Epistle of St. John 1:8-9; Epistle St. James 5:16; Gospel of St. John 10-11, and 20:22-23; Gospel of St. Mark 4 and 9-10; Psalms 25 and 27; Book of mmon Prayer, General Confession at orning Prayer.

Suggested Prayers:

O my God, I love you. I grieve that I have sinned.

My Father, help me to confess my sins. Father, forgive me, for I have sinned against thee.

Create a new heart within me. Make my heart like Thy Heart.

Come Holy Spirit, speak to me in the silence of my heart.

Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth. Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hosts. Heaven and earth are filled with Thy glory.

Suggested Books:

Douglas V. Steere, *Doors Into Life*, (Harper's Brothers)

The Practice of Religion (Morehouse-Gorham)

F. Andrews, *The Adventure of Prayer*, (Morehouse-Gorham)

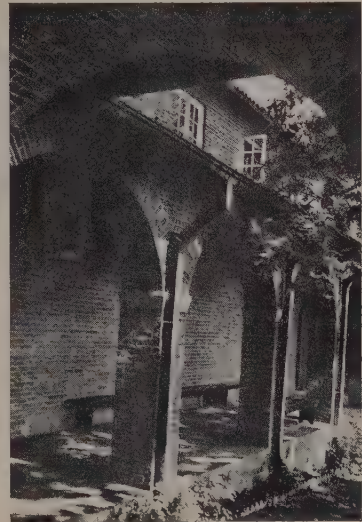
Evelyn Underhill, *The House of the Soul*, (E. P. Dutton Co.)

Frank Damrosch, Jr., *The Faith of the Church*, (Morehouse-Gorham)

Agnes Sanford, *The Healing Light*, (Macalester Park Publishing House)

A Prayer:

Aid me, my God, in this my undertaking (name) in this my prayer for (name) in this my meditation; and give me thoughts that pass into prayers; prayers that pass into love; love that passes into life. Amen.



CORNER OF SMALL CLOISTER

As the portrait painter keeps an eye upon the king's face and draws, and when the king's face is towards him, attending to him at his painting, he draws the portrait easily and well, but when he turns his face away, he cannot draw, because the face is not gazing at the painter; in like manner Christ, the good artist, for those who believe Him and gaze continually at Him, straightway portrays after His own image a heavenly man. Out of His own Spirit, out of the substance of light itself, the ineffable light, He paints a heavenly image, and bestows upon it its good and gracious spouse.

—St. Macarius.

Book Reviews

POWEL M. DAWLEY, *The Words of Life*, (New York: Oxford University Press, 1950) pp. 95. Cloth. \$1.75.

These are a series of Good Friday meditations which have been used by the author both in England and this country. The Three Hour service with the use of the Seven Last Words is generally a homiletical *tour de force*. However in the case of this work there is no strain in the effort to do justice to the material. The Atonement is a fact and every discussion of it must needs be inadequate to that tremendous supernatural drama. The seven sections are in the traditional form, except that "It is finished" and "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit" are combined. The seventh section is given to St. Peter's words "Lord, to whom shall we go?" In this way these Good Friday devotions are not centered upon the Cross to the exclusion of the whole life and ministry of our Lord, but takes in the total impact of God upon man through the Incarnation. There are some fine statements to be found throughout, one of them is: "Man needs little in life, and perhaps less in death. But in both he needs forgiveness." This book shows not only a background of study but of prayer.

—J. G.

HUBERT C. LIBBEY, *The Eight Deadlier Sins*, (New York: Longmans, Green & Co., 1950) pp. vii + 120. Cloth. \$1.00.

This is the Bishop of London's Lenten book for this year and we just wish that we could have given it a review in an earlier issue so that our readers could have bought it in time for the whole season. There is still time and a book like this can always be used with profit. The eight deadlier sins are the ones met with in the Litany of the Book of Common Prayer. "From all blindness of heart; from pride, vain-glory, and hypocrisy; from envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness, Good Lord, deliver us." The author shows that these sins are of a more subtle and destructive character than the more familiar seven deadly sins (true both pride and envy appear on both lists) and the progression from the first through

the rest of the unbeautiful lot is a step and, we almost fear, an inevitable outcome. Blindness of heart is the root of the matter; it is so unnoticed and so destructive. The work on this little book is well done; there is great spiritual insight and a shrewd penetration of the human personality. It is a good book to have for meditation, especially in connection with the examination of conscience.

—J. G.



Pope Leo I was Bishop of Rome from 440 to 461 A.D., and proved himself one of the greatest incumbents of that see. At the time of the great controversy over the two natures of our Lord he contributed a great theological work known as *Leo's Tome* which helped to determine the orthodox statement of the problem.

The most spectacular event in his career, however, was when the city of Rome was in great peril of capture. Attila the leader of the Huns had advanced into Italy in 455. He utterly destroyed the city of Aquileia, the chief city of Venetia and then proceeded to turn on Concordia, Allinum and Padua to do the same. Milan and the towns of Lombardy were plundered but not destroyed. Italy lay helpless and there were no forces to stop the approach of Rome. The Eternal City had experienced the terrible sack of 410 at the hands of Alaric the Goth, so the inhabitants paralyzed with fear waited the coming of one who had a greater reputation for cruelty.

St. Leo, however, boldly went with some Roman senators and met Attila on the banks of the Mincio, near the location of what is now Mantua and after consultation persuaded the leader of the Huns to leave Italy. How this was accomplished, no one

ows, but the barbarian chief must have been overpowered by the spiritual greatness of the man who stood between him and his vicious desires.

Santa Barbara

A beautiful addition to Mount Calvary has been made in the erection of a belfry in memory of Father Hughson. The belfry is in Spanish Mission style, and is the design of Mr. Harold Vaile of Santa Barbara. The bell is the gift of Mr. Ray Skofield, the former owner of our property. It is an old Galician church bell, not very old, but of a singular beauty of tone. Above the belfry stands a gold cross which can be seen on all sides of the monastery.

Father Baldwin has been preaching a series of schools of prayer. Father Tiedemann and Father Adams conducted a number of retreats at Mount Calvary. Notable among these was a retreat for the bishop of the diocese and eight priests of San Joaquin. Father Tiedemann preached a mission at Taluma, California, and Father Adams made addresses in San Marino, California.

Intercessions

Please join us in praying for:—

Father Superior preaching and confirming at the following churches: Christ Church, Everdale, April 23; Christ Church and St. Mark's Church, Tarrytown, May 7, all in the diocese of New York.

Father Packard preaching and giving an address on the Liberian Mission at St. Ann's Church, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Father Gunn conducting the annual retreat for the Oblates of Mount Calvary at Holy Cross Monastery, April 18-21.

Father Stevens giving a retreat for the Canterbury Club of the University of Maryland, April 12-15.

Prayer

O Lamb of God, Who takest away the sins of the world, look upon us and have mercy on us; Thou Who art Thyself both Victim and Priest, Thyself both Reward and Redeemer; keep safe from all evils those whom Thou hast redeemed, O Saviour of the world.

—*Old Gallican.*



MOUNT CALVARY MONASTERY
Father Adams Tries the New Belfry

Contributors

The Reverend Chad Walsh, Ph.D., is an associate professor at Beloit College, Wisconsin, and author of *Stop Looking and Listen*; *C. S. Lewis: Apostle to the Skeptics* and *The Factual Dark*.

The Reverend Franklin Joiner is a member of the Oblates of Mount Calvary and rector of St. Clement's Church, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

The Reverend John Frederick Harriman is a member of the Oblates of Mount Calvary and is on the teaching staff of St. Andrew's Theological Seminary, Manila, Philippine Islands.

The late Reverend Frank L. Vernon, D.D., was rector of St. Mark's Church, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and for many years provincial chaplain to the Community of St. Mary.

Mrs. Louisa B. Gile is a communicant of St. James-by-the-Sea, La Jolla, California.

Notes

The Father Superior preached at Christ Church, Red Hook, New York; preached and confirmed at the following: St. John's, Waverly Place, New York City; Church of the Good Shepherd and St. George's, Newburgh, New York; The Church of the Transfiguration, New York City; preached the

Three Hours at Holy Cross Monastery Good Friday.

Father Kroll had noon day sermons, Camden, New Jersey; conducted a retreat Peekskill for the Sisters of St. Mary; and preached the Three Hours at Christ Church, Tarrytown, New York.

Father Packard held a quiet day and preached at Grace and St. Peter's Church, Baltimore, Maryland; preached at Grace Church, Cobleskill, New York.

Father Harrison preached the Three Hours at Mount Calvary Church, Baltimore, Maryland.

Father Hawkins preached and held a conference at Hobart College, Geneva, New York; conducted a retreat at St. John's Church, Ithaca, New York; held a quiet day at St. Michael's Church, Litchfield, Connecticut.

Father Parker preached during Holy Week at the Church of St. John the Baptist, New Brunswick, New Jersey.

Father Gunn conducted a mission at St. Thomas' Church, Bath, New York; preached during Holy Week at Trinity Church, Portsmouth, Virginia.

Father Taylor conducted two retreats at the House of the Redeemer, New York City; preached at All Saints' Church, Orange, New Jersey, during Holy Week.

Father Stevens preached a sermon at the Church of the Good Shepherd, Newburgh, New York; conducted quiet days at All Saints' Cathedral and Grace Church, Albany, New York; attended and spoke at a youth rally at St. Paul's Church, Williamsville, New York; preached the Three Hours on Good Friday at Christ Church, West Haven, Connecticut.

Men's Retreat

The annual retreat for men who are members of the Confraternity of the Christian Life will be held again this year at the Monastery at West Park, from Friday afternoon, June 16th, through mid-afternoon of Sunday 18th. For reservations please write the Director C.C.L., Holy Cross Monastery, West Park, N. Y.



STS. JOHN AND LAURENCE
By Defendente Ferrari

(Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art)

Ordo of Worship and Intercession April-May 1950

1st (Low) Sunday after Easter Gr Double W gl cr pref of Easter in all Masses till Ascension unless otherwise directed—for all in doubt and perplexity

Monday W Mass of Easter i gl col 2) of St. Mary 3) for the Church or Bishop—for the faithful departed

Tuesday W Mass as on April 17—for the Confraternity of the Love of God

Wednesday W Mass as on April 17—for the increase of religious vocations

Thursday W Mass as on April 17—for the bishops of the Church

St Anselm BCD Double W gl cr Alleluia instead of Gradual in festal and votive Masses till Trinity—for the Seminarists Associate

Of St Mary Simple W gl col 2) of the Holy Spirit 3) for the Church or Bishop pref BVM (Veneration)—for the Order of Saint Helena

2nd Sunday after Easter Semidouble W gl col 2) St George M cr—for the reunion of Christendom

Monday W Mass of Easter ii gl col 2) of the Holy Spirit 3) for the Church or Bishop—for the Church of England

St Mark Evangelist Double II Cl R gl cr pref of Apostles—for our native evangelists

Wednesday W Mass as on April 24—for religious education

Thursday W Mass as on April 24—for those in mental darkness

Friday W Mass as on April 24—for Christian family life

Of St Mary Simple W Mass as on April 22—for shrines of our Lady

3rd Sunday after Easter Semidouble W gl col 2) St Catherine of Sienna cr—for all in civil authority

SS Philip and James App Double II Cl R gl cr pref of Apostles—for justice in labor relations

St Athanasius BCD Double W gl cr—for the Liberian Mission

Finding of the Holy Cross Double II Cl R gl cr pref of Passiontide—for the Order of the The Holy Cross

St Monica W Double W gl—for the Confraternity of the Christian Life

Friday W Mass of Easter iii gl col 2) of St Mary 3) for the Church or Bishop—for the peace of the world

St John before the Latin Gate Gr Double R gl cr pref of Apostles—for the Society of Saint John the Evangelist

4th Sunday after Easter Semidouble W gl col 2) St Stanislaus BM cr—thanksgiving for God's providence

Monday W Mass of Easter iv gl col 2) of St Mary 3) for the Church or Bishop—for the work of the Holy Cross Press

St Gregory Nazianzen BCD Double gl cr—for the Oblates of Mount Calvary

St Antoninus BC Double W gl—for the Priests Associate

Thursday W Mass as on May 8—for the increase use of the Sacrament of Penance

St Pancras M Double R gl—for Saint Andrew's School

Of St Mary Simple W Mass as on April 22—for the growth of contemplative life

5th (Rogation) Sunday after Easter Semidouble W gl col 2) St Pachomius Ab 3) of St Mary cr—for blessing on the crops and harvests

Rogation Monday W Rogation Mass V col 2) of St Mary 3) for the Church or Bishop—for Mount Calvary Monastery

Rogation Tuesday W At Mass V as on May 15—for the ill and suffering

RE:—On the days indicated in italics ordinary votive and requiem Masses may be said

From the Business Manager

Father Hughson Memorial . . .

Detailed announcement by the Committee (formed with the approval of the Father Superior), will be published in the May issue.

Extra Copies

If you want extra copies of the May issue (Father Hughson Memorial Issue), please order now. Send cash with order. 25c per copy.

Mail Service

The recent coal strike, with radically curtailed train schedules, plus stormy weather, definitely affected all mail deliveries. The February issue of HOLY CROSS MAGAZINE, mailed at the Post Office at Poughkeepsie on January 30th, was quite late in reaching subscribers. We wish that certain labor dictators had less power.

Charge Accounts

The Holy Cross Press is glad to extend credit for a period of thirty days—rendering an Invoice on orders in excess of \$2.01—all orders for less are handled on a Cash basis. We do not send out regular Monthly Statements—payment from the Invoice in 30 days expected and appreciated.

Bills ? ? ? ?

Every now and then we receive a rather sharp little note from a subscriber taking us to task for "sending me that Bill (sometimes it is referred to as that dun!) in my copy of the Magazine." This refers, we suppose, to the colored expiration slip, placed in the expiring copy—and in the 13th, copy which we send automatically when you have not re-

newed promptly. To date we haven't thought of a better system for calling attention to expiration.

Hope Springs Eternal

Somehow, we keep on hoping that the day will dawn when we can say, "The New subscriptions received this month are a *net* gain because all the expiring subscriptions have been renewed as well." If your subscription runs out with this issue, why not send in your renewal right now?

To Keep Us Humble

"I am not renewing my subscription because I never find time to read your magazine." "I don't know why I am sending in this renewal as goodness know your magazine isn't interesting."

Our Hat Still Fits

Perhaps it was not good for us, but quite a number of laudatory letters were received in the past few weeks commenting on recent issues of the Magazine. It is encouraging to read, "I think the January issue hit a new high for quality, interest and that very desirable 'light touch' which your publication needed." Another writes, "Your articles, 'Christmas at Holy Cross' and 'Black Out!' made me feel very much like a member of your family—keep it up."

To all subscribers and readers we
extend our sincere good wishes for a
Happy and Blessed Easter.

Christ is Risen! Alleluia!